

# PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1865.

## AUTUMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

Come out to where the stubble fields  
Lie brown beneath the autumn sun;  
Out to the breezy mountain heights  
Where care is lost and health is won.  
And if among the leafless trees  
We miss the bluebird and the linnet,  
Each babbling brook that runs along,  
Will sing a song with music in it.

We'll see the nimble squirrel run  
Along the fence as we pass,  
And hear the humble cricket sing,  
Contented in the withered grass;  
For once we'll be as blithe as they,  
Forgetting pain, forgetting sorrow,  
Enjoy the sunshine of to-day,  
And trust the future for to-morrow.

Come out! the sky is blue o'erhead  
As over summer sky could be,  
And like a gleam of silver lies  
The sunlight on the open sea!  
And if among the leafless trees  
We miss the bluebird and the linnet,  
Each babbling brook that runs along,  
Will sing a song with music in it.

## CAPTAIN RALPH MONMOUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY ESSIE.

## PART II.

We reached the homestead just at sunset. It was a large house built of irregular blocks of the native stone, and surrounded by a fine lawn and park. It stood half way up a hill, commanding a fine view of the valley below, now glorifying in the gorgous tints of autumn, and laughing in the mellow light of the slanting rays.

On the broad piazza stood my uncle, a tall and handsome man of sixty; and by his side was a tall, well-built youth of two-and-twenty, with a noble, aristocratic face, and fair chestnut hair. My uncle advanced with his bright smile of welcome.

"Well, Ralph! how are you, my boy! Grown a little, I see. This is your cousin, George York."

I sprang up the steps, and with my heart beating tumultuously, shook hands with my new friend. I flushed over that he bestowed a somewhat supercilious glance on my small and youthful figure.

"How do, Burt. Come, boys, I hope you will like each other, and have a glorious good time together. This is liberty hall, you know."

With this, Uncle Ralph brought us into the library, a great room lined with book cases, and well filled with comfortable lounges and chairs. He planted us before a cheerful wood fire, that was very pleasant in the cool September evening, and then said to me,

"Well, Ralph, George only arrived this afternoon; so to-morrow you can do all the honors of the place."

"Yes, sir!" I answered, simply. I was always diffident with strangers, and I felt more than usually overawed just now.

"I expected him sooner," continued my uncle, "but his mother could not spare him before. It seems since he left college he has been escorting her and his sister to all sorts of gay watering-places."

"You have just graduated at Yale," I ventured, feeling that I must say something, yet all the time half afraid of this man of the world.

"Yes; in July."

"Ah! how I envy you," I sighed. "I do wish papa would let me go to college."

"It's a shame he won't," said Uncle Ralph;

"he seems determined to make a girl of you—always keeping you at home, tied to your mother's apron-strings!" Then seeing me blush at this sarcasm, my uncle added, good-naturedly,

"Never mind, Ralph, you'll be a man yet in spite of them. By the way, how comes on the board?"

This question rather increased than diminished my confusion; for, to tell the truth, I had been for some time past, by Mr. Burt's convenience, shaving with great diligence in private, but had not with no better success than acquiring a few silky, black hairs on the upper lip; and at this question was thrown into an agony of mortification, and felt an intense envy of the curling, yellow moustache that shaded my cousin's handsome mouth. Before I had framed any reply, my tutor interposed for my relief:

"Really, Mr. Monmouth, you forget how young he is—only seventeen. Why, sir, I myself had not much more beard than he has when I was twenty-one, of age, sir, and not a whisker to blow myself with!"

As usual, Mr. Burt had over-shot the mark. My uncle smiled; rather incredulously, and said, with a shrug,

"Well, well! it's too bad to tease the boy—of course it will come in time."

"Never mind," added George, a little patern-

ingly; "there are lots of fellows at college, that have no more hair about the mouth than you have."

"You are all very hard on me," I said, recovering somewhat. "I don't know but your accusations are as bad as your questions. I don't like to be thus foisted to my face."

And amid the laugh which followed this little tally, we were summoned to supper. It was a very substantial one, and we all did full justice to its excellency. I sat next to George, and warmed by the fine words that flowed pleasantly, the awkwardness of a first acquaintance wore off, and I began to feel quite at my ease with him. Afterwards, when we returned to the library and sat smoking around the comfortable fire, we held a tolerably uninterrupted conversation together. My cousin was full of college stories, to which I listened with eager delight; nor did the shade of condescension in his manner offend me as it might some interest. I regarded him from the first with an admiration I did not attempt to conceal, and I was impressed thus early in an intercourse with the feeling that he was the most perfectly companioned and attractive companion I had ever met. He was really a very intelligent, pleasant fellow, exceedingly manly, and the shade of hauteur in his manner accorded so well with his handsome, classic face, that it was easy to forgive him for it.

The next day George and I rambled all over the place, and although persistently accompanied by Mr. Burt, we enjoyed it very much.

My tutor could be a very agreeable companion when he chose, and he exerted himself now to make us forget the restraint of his presence. He was inimitable in anecdote and fun, and although I have no doubt carefully guiding the conversation, we at the time were quite unconscious of it. When we were tired of walking we devoted ourselves to diverse masculine sports. To my great surprise I found myself in most of these my cousin's superior. We practised at a mark, and my good shots outnumbered his two to one; my score at billiards was far better than his; and in fencing we were at least well matched. Even in the use of the gloves, I was scientifically his equal, though physically his inferior. George bore his defeats with great outward calmness; though I saw he was a good deal disappointed at being beaten by a boy so much his junior. At the same time his respect for me was considerably increased by the knowledge of my proficiency in these respects, and by the discovery made in the course of our conversation, that although I had not been at college, I had already studied nearly all the branches taught there. When evening came I was very glad to have him propose chess, a game at which I was not very skillful, and in which he easily came off victorious.

"Well, boy," said my uncle, as we drew near the fire after our last well-contested match, "it's a nice o'clock; what do you say to a nightcap and then to bed?"

"I'm agreed with all my heart," answered George.

"Shall I ring the bell?" asked I.

"Yes, you young scamp. I see you have not forgotten the old Monongahela."

A servant appeared in answer to the summons.

"John," said my uncle with great gravity. "You may bring—a waiter."

"Yes, sir."

"And some cups."

"Yes, sir."

"And some hot water."

"Yes, sir."

"And some sugar."

"Yes, sir."

"And a lemon."

"Yes, sir."

"And stop a moment, John, the Monongahela whisk."

And having reached this sublime climax my uncle leaned back in his chair with a contented smile. In a few minutes the required articles arrived in the shape of an old-fashioned silver salver, four gold cups—part of a set which had belonged to my great-grandfather, an elegant sugar tureen, &c., and a square black bottle of inviting aspect. Uncle Ralph proceeded to concoct the punch, and when we were each supplied, said:

"Now, boys, drink to your sweethearts."

"Mine is only an ideal," responded George.

"And you, Ralph?"

"I haven't any but my sister Jessie."

How they all laughed at that answer. I blushed as usual, and was afflicted by the idea that I had said something very "green," but George encouraged me by saying:

"That's right, Ralph, she shall be mine, too, with your leave."

"You couldn't have a prettier one if you searched the country over," suggested my uncle.

"Ah! is that so, Ralph?" asked George with amusement.

"Yes, indeed," I assented, "at least I think so."

"And I suppose that has spoilt you for the other girls, but come this way, cousin, you must have had some fancy by this time."

"Well, I think all the girls I have ever seen a very stupid set, except Jessie."

They laughed again, and Mr. Burt as usual interposed:

"She is the beauty of the country," he said.

"You might guess as much if you looked at her brother."

"Never mind," added George, a little patern-

"Nonsense!" exclaimed I, annoyed at the operation of the flattery.

"I don't know about that, Ralph," said George. "You're not a bad looking fellow." And somehow I was very much pleased with this compliment.

This day was a fair sample of many that followed. We rode and walked, and went hunting if it was fine weather; we read and talked and played indoor games if it stormed. I had never been so happy in my life. George was a most delightful companion, and I admired him more intensely every day. Indeed there was something about him that fascinated me irresistibly, although he sometimes made me very angry by his allusions to what he called my simplicity, and his frequent jokes at my expense. Yet over all our intercourse at this time there was the restraint of Mr. Burt's presence; his vigilance was untrusting and unceasing, never relaxing from the moment I left my room in the morning till I returned to it at night, so that I was never for one moment entirely alone with my cousin, and this incessant surveillance grew after a time intolerable. I endured it with some patience while yet a comparative stranger to George, but as the time went on, and I felt an intense desire for some of those innocent confidences so natural to youths of the same age, it grew exceedingly irksome. I could see too, that George was annoyed by the jealous persecutions of the butler, though he had no opportunity to say so until one morning accident favored us with a moment's *littera*.

We started off for a ride one bright autumn day, and contrary to his usual custom my uncle accompanied us, forcing one of us to fall back by his side whenever the road was too narrow for us to ride abreast. For some time Mr. Burt contrived that it should be always George who trotted beside my uncle, but at last coming round a corner into a narrow lane, my uncle called my tutor to him and very reluctantly he was obliged to obey the summons. As he turned back George heaved a portentous sigh of relief, and then looking at me with a significant smile:

"Come on!"

I was not slow in taking the hint, and in a moment we had put a considerable distance between us and my guardian.

"Ralph," said George, as we slackened up a little, "why do you let that dry-nurse run after you as if you were a great baby?"

Something in the tone of the question, sensible as it was, annoyed me, and I answered rather shortly:

"Because I can't help it, and besides it's papa's orders that he never to leave me."

"Why not, pray? Does he think you're not able to take care of yourself?"

Again I was provoked.

"Perhaps so, though I should like to be away once and show you if I'm not."

"Why don't you then? Are you afraid?"

This was more than I could bear.

"No indeed, George York," I cried fiercely.

"I am not afraid of anything."

"Now, Ralph, don't get excited," said my cousin deprecatingly. "That man does wrong me so by his incessant, crafty watchfulness, that I feel like scolding you for putting up with it."

"I have no choice," I replied, sadly. "It is provoking enough to me, too, but I have become accustomed to it, for from my earliest recollection some one has always watched me."

"What!" exclaimed George, opening his eyes in astonishment, "do you mean you have never been alone? or been left to amuse yourself like other boys of your age?"

"No, never. You think me green and childish about many things, it is because I have never had any freedom, though I long for it more than I can tell."

George was very much more accustomed to drinking than I; still, he evidently felt what he had taken, for his eyes were unnaturally bright, and there was a burning crimson spot on each cheek. We took our places at the two alleys, and began to bowl. I was so confused that my ball went wide of the mark, and rolled in the gutter. George laughed derisively as he sent the pins flying with a tolerably well directed blow. I struggled hard against the bewildermen which was stealing over me, and, straightening myself up, made another attempt, which was somewhat more successful than the first. George, whose whole capacity for teasing seemed aroused by the stimulants he had taken, made some jeering remarks. I retorted angrily, though all the while struggling desperately to retain my self-possession. It was very hard work, though; my blood ran through my veins like fire, my eyes were heavy, and my brain was dizzy. We went on for two or three more rounds, I rolling at random, and only by chance hitting the pins, George all the while laughing at me, till at last I made what I supposed to be a ten strike. Elated, I cried out—

"Double space!"

"What's agreed?" asked Mr. Burt eagerly, as he ranged alongside.

"Nothing, but we are to have a famous match at billiards this afternoon," responded George, carelessly, and so our conference was at an end.

I was very much excited all day, in anticipation of my proposed excursion, but endeavored not to betray any unusual restlessness of manner, lest I should awaken my tutor's ready suspicion. As the time approached I grew more and more nervous, and it seemed to me as if the long evening never would be over. But at last the slow hours crept away, and at half past ten, George, notwithstanding the fatigues of punch, placed fatigue, and beds good night, and, half an hour later, I, too, went off. Mr. Burt accompanied me, as usual, to my room. After he left me I heard him creep cautiously to George's door, and listen; the entire quiet, I

suppose, made him think he was alone, and after a moment he returned to the library. Once there, I relied upon the fatigues of the whiskey to keep him for the next thirty minutes.

As soon as he was fairly gone, I gave a hasty glance into the hall to see if the coast was clear, and then darted down stairs. I held my breath as I stole across the entry, and gently opened the back door, but what was my horror, to find the light from the hall had left the piano, so that myself face to face with my uncle.

"Hillo! Ralph! why, what's the matter? I thought you were in bed!"

I attempted to stammer an explanation, but before I could recover myself, George appeared at the foot of the steps, and cried, breathlessly,

"Ah! let him go, Uncle Ralph, don't keep him."

"What, what? what? caught? So you're in some mischief, you young rascal."

"No harm," protested George, "we are only going for a ride to the village; he wants to give that confounded tutor the slip a while."

"You," pleaded I, "don't tell him, please, Uncle Ralph, we won't be gone long."

"I don't wonder you want to get away from him," said uncle, "he does keep you terribly close; but I don't know about your starting off at this time of night."

"Oh! that won't hurt!"

"And I'm so afraid he'll come out and catch me," urged I, "now let me go."

"Well, well! Off with you," said the kind old gentleman. "I'll not betray you, provided you're not gone too long."

He did not wait for a second permission, but hastily ran down the steps and joined George.

Then as fast as possible, we hurried to the stable, where the horses were awaiting us, and scrambling on their backs, trotted them slowly on the grass till we were past the house, and then dashed off at a swift gallop. It was a lonely moonlight night, clear and cold; the country around us very still and beautiful in the pale radiance that lit up the deserted highway, and slept in the mysterious woods. We were wild with excitement, and as we flew over the ground we awoke the slumbering echoes with our shouts of laughter and song. There was something intensely exhilarating in the novel situation and the unrestricted companionship of my cousin, and every breath I drew assuaged a fresh inspiration of liberty. The five miles to the village were traveled in less than half an hour, and as we drove up at the door of the little hotel it still lacked some time of midnight.

Then George took the lead, following him, trying to look at home in a bar room, a place I had never before entered. He inquired for the alley, and finding it occupied, but soon to be vacated, ordered a mild supper to be sent to us to refresh us after our gallop. While we were awaiting this we begged the time with a preliminary "cock-tail" and cigars, so that I was a good deal exhilarated before we sat down to our *steak* and champagne. We did more than justice to the indifferent viands that were set before us, and made the walls ring with our noisy talk. Altogether we were as noisy as two boys ever were under similar circumstances, and before we left the room I was by no means as clear headed as on our arrival.

Just as we finished our second bottle of *cocktail* and champagne, the waiter came to say

plainly wished as he was from the time he discovered my flight till he had his eye on me again.

I sat beside George on the back seat of the coach supporting his head on my shoulder. For my sake he tried to suppress the groans which the jolting of the carriage drew from him; but this effort on his part only increased my anguish and remorse. My cousin and Mr. Burt tried to console me by saying he would soon be well; and George himself whispered it was but a trifl; but I could not be comforted. I realized now how inexpressibly dear he was to me, as I shielded him tenderly in my arms. I recurred a solemn vow to my heart, that henceforth throughout my life I would hesitate at no sacrifice that would increase his happiness, and sealed it by stooping where the shadows of the trees fell thickest, and with a wild thrill pressing my lips lightly to his forehead.

When we reached the homestead George was able to walk up stairs. I was greatly cheered by this, though intensely provoked that Mr. Burt would not let me accompany him to his room, but ordered me peremptorily to my bed. Tired as I was, I soon forgot all my trouble in a deep sleep, which lasted till quite late the next morning; but by the time I was again allowed to see George, he was up and not looking very badly—but devoting himself with considerable enthusiasm to a very tolerable breakfast.

"Well, old fellow, how are you?"

"Oh, George, are you really better?"

"Yes, almost well. Come, Ralph, don't look so down-hearted. We both behaved like a couple of fools last night. Let's forget it."

However, though George thus generously made light of the blow, it proved to be a pretty severe one; and for several days he was quite languid, suffering a good deal of pain in the head. At first Mr. Burt was exceedingly anxious to take me directly home, but my uncle would not hear to this—insisting that my visit should last at least as long as was originally intended. So I was permitted to remain and devote myself heart and soul to my cousin. I read to him, wrote letters for him, and waited on him most patiently and continually. Each day the love I felt for him grew more intense, till it became the one absorbing thought of my life. Yet I never guessed the full depth of his passion till too late! Looking back to those pleasant weeks now, they seem the happiest of my life—then I had no rival in his heart—then I forgot for a little while the dark secret that haunted me, and even the hateful restrictions of my guarded life.

How reluctantly I counted each hour of the last few days! How jealously I watched his every motion on our last evening together! how sad I was on the morning of our departure! George, too, said that he was sorry to go—but I saw plainly that he felt far less than I. He was so full of anticipations of his gay life in the city, that he had no time for regret. Even when I bade him good-bye, he looked after me with a bright smile, while I could scarcely restrain my tears.

For a long time after my return to my home I was restless and low-spirited. I missed my recent companion more even than I had fancied I should. I found myself constantly falling into long reveries of what he was the theme; and my only consolation was in dreaming of the time when we should meet again. I talked constantly of my hero to my sister Jessie, who always heard me with interest; and it was her entreaties joined to mine that induced my father to consent to my sending George an invitation to spend Christmas with us. I had already written him one or two letters—to which I had received but brief and tardy replies; but the one containing my urgent request to him to come to us at the holidays, elicited a speedy and cordial answer in the affirmative. This threw me into a state of wild delight, and the remaining weeks were passed in blissful anticipation of the coming reunion.

On the dull December afternoon that at last brought my cousin to us, Jessie and I sat together—she nearly as nervous as I at thought of meeting her unknown relative—and when at last the carriage drove up, we both ran down to the gate to receive our welcome guest. George jumped out, looking very smiling and handsome, but somehow although he greeted me very cordially, I had a dull sense that there was something lacking, that in short he was not nearly so glad to see me as I was to see him. Even while he spoke to me, I could see that his glances were all directed to Jessie. She certainly did look very pretty as she stood there, her sweet face glowing with pleasure, her clustering black curls tossed back, and her eyes sparkling with health and animation. But still she was only a new acquaintance, while I was an old friend. However, George seemed determined to establish as much intimacy with her as possible—for he began calling her "Cousin Jessie" at once, and they walked back to the house laughing as if they had always known each other. It was quite evident she would share my admiration for my fascinating cousin; for the moment George went up to his room, and we were alone, she exclaimed—

"Oh, Ralph! how handsome he is!"

"I always told you he was."

"Yes, but I had no idea he was so splendid! What glorious eyes!"

This first favorable impression appeared to be entirely mutual. The whole of that evening George devoted himself to Jessie so entirely that I had no opportunity to talk with him until she had disappeared for the night. Then, however, he chatted with me with his old, kind familiarity, and for the time I was satisfied.

The next day I supposed, of course, that I should have George entirely to myself, but in this I was again deceived to grievous disappointment. He was at Jessie's service for a walk, or a ride, or a drive, anything that would keep his cousin beside her, and I could only obtain possession of him when she was out of the way. This was a state of affairs of which I had never dreamed. I tried hard to struggle against my bitter feelings at his evident preference for her. I was anxious not to be jealous of my sister, yet I could not help it. I was grievously pained at his forgetfulness of me, whom he had come to visit, and it was almost worse than not seeing him at all this having him cross there, to derive himself to Jessie and neglect me.

During the Christmas festivities I tried to forgive him, since it was then apparent for each friend has to sacrifice some body, and—when I do this my personal attachment to the whole family was now paired with a decided sense of the neighborhood; but when all that excitement was over, it was too bad for Jessie still to monopolize him.

Indeed, it was very difficult for me to bear

his open admiration of another. He was always hanging over Jessie's chair, or riding, walking, and driving with her, entirely oblivious of me, and I loved him so much! We had never seen such genuine affection to each other! And yet here he was forsaking me for the first pretty girl he met. I grew more and more wretched and forlorn every day. For weeks I would not have interfered with their happiness, yet it made me feel utterly lonely and miserable to see how completely I was forgotten.

The days went on, and still he lingered. My father and mother were evidently well pleased at his attentions to Jessie. He was quite well off, just starting in a good business, highly connected, and in all respects a desirable match. So they urged him to stay, and I had to listen to their stupid jokes about "love at first sight" and other nonsense, which it must be confessed George and Jessie seemed to like very well. I grew more and more unhappy; my cousin left me almost entirely alone, and I wandered about with Mr. Burt restless and low-spirited, though with my heart always full of uniring affection for my faithful friend. Sometimes I hoped that this was but a passing caprice, and that when it was over George would return to me for sympathy. Then again, I would look at the door that still marked his sunny temple, and renew my vow that under all circumstances his happiness should be my first thought.

Even lover's visits must have an end, and at last the time for his departure arrived. On the evening before he left, I was walking up and down in the garden, smoking—for I had lately indulged in this, my only vice, to an excessive degree, finding in its soothing influence a sort of consolation.—while Mr. Burt sat on the piano watching me, when George joined me.

"Well, Ralph, my time is almost up."

"Yes," answered I, forgetting for the moment my trouble at the kindness of his tones. "I am so sorry you have to leave."

"It's very hard, my dear fellow; but you'll write to me often, won't you? I shall want so much to hear about you, and—Jessie."

This is all, though!—sadly; he does not care to hear of me, only of Jessie!

"Why, what is the matter, Ralph? You don't answer. I hope you've no objections to my being a brother of yours, for, by Jove! I mean to be if I can!"

"Do you love her?" I asked hoarsely.

"Love her? Indeed I do, with all my heart."

"But you have known her such a short time."

"That's just what she says; but I'll prove to her that a long time will make no difference. I shall love her all my life, please God!"

He added the last words reverently, taking off his hat as he spoke. Then I no longer doubted; the full force of the blow fell, and I felt to my lamest heart that he loved her as he would never love me.

I will not linger on the hours of suffering that followed, I struggled hard against this unnatural, this terrible jealousy. I tried to remind myself that some day he would probably have sought a wife—losing all my sex, but myself, seemed to be swayed by this incomprehensible passion of love—and better my sister than some stranger who would separate us; but it was of little avail. I was utterly miserable. My life from that moment seemed wholly without hope.

The next morning after breakfast the carriage came to convey George away, all the family went out on the porch to bid him good-bye except Jessie, she lingered in the parlor. It was brief, but when he came out again there was a glow on his cheeks, and a shade of moisture in his eyes. He hastily shook hands with the rest of us, quite indifferently, as I thought, with an added pang, and drove away, still looking back towards the parlor windows.

So he was gone! Jessie looked pale for several days, and then there came a letter for her that brought back the roses to her cheeks. As for me, after a period of listless despair, I roused myself with fixed resolution, and hunted and roamed and studied with desperate perseverance, determined to drown thought. It seemed to me as if the romance of my life was over, I resolved to indulge in no more dreams of friendship, but to go steadily on with my duties. I succeeded only tolerably, for I carried an aching heart that rendered all application a weariness and a toll.

No thought of attempting to thwart my cousin's affection ever crossed my mind. I had sworn to do all I could to make George happy, and I resolved to fulfill the promise at no matter what cost to myself. Moved by this remembrance I even brought myself to write to him, to deliver messages from Jessie, who was not herself yet allowed to correspond directly with him, and to exhibit no disappointment that all his answers were to her. Thus the weary month of winter passed away, spring arrived, and once more George was to come to us. This time, after a short visit at our house, he was to go with me for the semi-annual visit to my uncle. This prospect once more gave me a hope of at least a brief period of happiness, and gladly as Jessie welcomed back her lover, I believe my heart beat with even more intense delight. It is said that "the love of comrades passes the love of woman," and was not mine more than both?

Yet my brief pleasure was almost wholly clouded by the almost indifference he betrayed to me, and his entire and undisguised devotion to Jessie. I hardly knew how I lived through that time of trial; I was consoled only by the thought that very soon he would be alone with me, and that he must pass some of his time with me, and one other reflection that he was happy.

It was soon evident that affairs between the young people were drawing to a climax, and I endeavored to be prepared for the announcement that soon came. One afternoon I sat in the pleasant study smoking as usual, and reading or rather pretending to read, for the contents of the book made very little impression on my wandering thoughts, when the door opened, and Jessie's pretty head appeared.

"Ralph, may I come in? I want to speak to you."

"Certainly, dear, what is it?"

Mr. Burt, who had been writing at the table, rose and left the room, and Jessie glided into the chair beside me. Yet now that we were alone she seemed to find some difficulty in opening the conversation, for she began:

"You look pale, Ralph; are you not well?"

"Of course I am. I am always well."

"Then you smoke too much. You really look unhealthy."

"Do I?" replied I, with an attempt at a laugh. "And is that all you've come here for? to advise my cousin to stop smoking?"

"Oh, no!" she cried with a blush. "Oh, Ralph, I really have something very important to tell you. I see, that is, we are—"

"Well, go on!"

"I am engaged to George." She half whispered the words, and leaning forward hid her blushing and tearful face on my shoulder.

I stooped down and kissed her, yet although I had expected this it was a shock even now, and at first I could not speak. After a moment Jessie looked up pleadingly.

"What is the master? You are not vexed, are you, Ralph?"

"No indeed, Jessie! I hope you will make him happy, for upon my life I believe I love him as well as you do!"

So it was settled, they were engaged, and would probably be married in the fall, and this was the prospect to which I must become reconciled. Why did I rebel so fiercely against it? I then argued him to stay, and I had to listen to their stupid jokes about "love at first sight" and other nonsense, which it must be confessed George and Jessie seemed to like very well.

I grew more and more unhappy; my cousin left me almost entirely alone, and I wandered about with Mr. Burt restless and low-spirited, though with my heart always full of uniring affection for my faithful friend.

It was evidently impossible for me to fix my self to any regular pursuit, until this feverish excitement was past, and indeed I scarcely attempted it. I took a holiday from my books and spent my time in aimless wandering, and in all respects a desirable match.

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when Mr. Burt and George having disappeared, my father stepped to my side, and said,

"Ralph, I think some of us should go home to-morrow."

"Very well, sir, just as you think best."

"Of course, now that this is to be your home, some new arrangements must be made for your household."

"I suppose so, sir," replied I, and then feeling that now was the time to speak, I went on hastily: "There is one thing I hope you will not object to. Mr. Burt's constant supervision has been very irksome to me for a long time past. I think that now I am old enough to be relieved from it."

My father passed in his walk and regarded me with a troubled look.

"That depends upon yourself, Ralph."

Not understanding him, I replied—

"I assure you, sir, I consider myself quite competent to take care of myself."

"Not yet, Ralph," said my father, in a tone that rived my attention. "Not yet."

I watched him without speaking—he changed color perceptibly, and then asked, abruptly,

"Do

## The Fair.

One day this week I walked out of the sunlight of a glorious afternoon into the shadowy twilight of the vestibule of the Academy of Music. Just beyond, as I entered, I could see the glimmer of glistening brilliant, and I thought me, a little while ago, beneath the radiance of that same sparkling chandelier, which is now bunting its light broadcast on all beneath it, I had seen the Keanas enact their great roles, and bring successively Young Americans, and much wiser in my day and generation than my grandfathers and "mothers,"—having improved upon their improvements—I did not like them. I would rather see Mrs. Bowery, with her bright, sparkling face and manner, and Burton Hill, with his mellow, sympathetic voice, mazy form, and intense realization of his character, for a single night, than listen a whole week of nights to the impersonations of the same beautiful Ellen Tree and Charles Kean, so long the delight of our progenitors.

But while I am musing over these things, the seeming brilliancy has become a reality, and is a moment I am in a blaze of light, amidst a babel of confused sounds. A voice in my ear, and a dawning head, as I pass at the flower-stall, which arrests me at the very entrance, (upon the spot where usually longgates and opera books are temptations enough,) guides me up the broad stairway, with the words, "See it first as a spectator from the galleries; the effect is much finer, the illusion

greater."

Then in an instant I am in Rome, and it is Carnival week, (Carne-Vale!) what lovely wood! Adieu to the world, the flesh, and the devil! The Pope has forbidden masks, and every gaily dressed figure is known, so there will be no antic played, and more decorum. We take our places in a central balcony, and look down into the square, not a square, for it is Hengrath's line of beauty, a curve—a park lined with booths, and crowded with merry sight-seers and pleasure-seekers. And upon every side of the vast arena are balconies, hung with crimson curtains, cushioned with velvet, and carpeted luxuriously, from which are hung out flags and gaily embroidered cloths. Crowds of people fill these balconies, watching eagerly the scenes below. Merry-faced girls carrying comfits and bonbons, bon-bons and perfumes, go with dancing feet through every arena. Many a lovely face greeted the sight; arch, laughing, wicked eyes peering from beneath the same quaint hair arrangement, which once added new charm to the beauty with which Diana of Poitiers won the love of a traitor king.

Melpomene and Euterpe have vacated their places; and given their domains into the hands of the Graces, and they, these fairest of sisters, presiding over all, in music, have chosen as their representatives, among mortals, a whole garden of rose-blushing moss-robedes of lasses, shy, blue-eyed demones, as sweet as violet, and stately, blushing ladies. And it is the Corso, and I am standing in the Piazza del Popolo, and this decorated arena reaches to the Piazza di Venetia, and all goes merrily as a marriage bell.

Will they close this carnival in true Italian fashion with the ceremony of *il mocoletto*, or light-torching. I wonder? I shall not be here to see; for I must mount a swifter and stronger steed than even the winged Pegasus, and live one week amid the autumnal beauties of the mountain lands. Oh, halcyon days I dear valleys and mountains! I world-over, and the mighty, unknown Wilderness, keep your crimson and golden dyes until I shall have seen you!

There is a Latin proverb which sayeth, *inest suavitatis*, (trifles have their own peculiar charm.) This is nowhere more striking than at a Fair. When I descended to the floor, and made my way, by dint of much exertion and patience to the tables, and examined more nearly the various objects which from the galleries had kaleidoscope-like, or after the manner of dissolving views, melted and blended into more groupings of splendid colors and hues, I felt that each had its own peculiar charm. Many of the articles are simply trifles, yet nearly all are charming. From India shawls worth hundreds of dollars, there is a gradual descent, through the usual array of Afghans, (that magnifico! one, by the way, a piece of German work: "Christ receiving the tribute money from St. Peter," which was at the Sanitary Fair, among them.) What possible use can be made of this is beyond my comprehension; yet no one would think of using it to wrap themselves up in, either in a carriage or on a sofa, and it is too large to serve as a decoration in any house less size than Castle Point, at Hoboken, or some of the Newport palaces.) Afghans, infant-baskets, tidy, soft-cushions, elegant toilet-cushions, down over to iron-holders, through all the gradations of beautiful and serviceable articles, lay in heaps upon the tables.

Among the very many articles worthy of special notice is the Japanese Cabinet, presented by Com. C. R. Stribling. It is said to be the most curious piece of workmanship ever brought from Japan to this country; the decorations are of the most elaborate kind; chief among them, of course, the Ibis, the sacred bird of all Eastern nations. Any one who finds pleasure in the science of Conchology, will be much interested in the very fine collection of shells, gathered by Com. Stribling, from all parts of the world, and presented by him to the Fair.

Many very valuable contributions have been presented especially, because the brave tars, who have made our name a glory upon every sea, are to be honored by the work.

The Bishop of Honolulu, in his recent visit, has succeeded in interesting every one who listened to him in all that concerns the Sandwich Islands; therefore, a quilt made from mulberry leaves, in one of the islands, is an object of especial interest. It has the appearance of being made of a great many layers of pink blotting paper—and though it looks cool, it is warm as toot, as a properly conducted quilt is in duty bound to be.

There is a fine, although not very large display, of silver-ware. The same may be said of the horticultural array, which is more useful than ornamental—being better applied with canned fruits than with fresh flowers; a good gift, perhaps, since beauty lasts but for a day.

Under a glass case, upon a pedestal, is a silver vase, lined with gold; decorated as follows: This silver vase will be presented by Baily & Co., to the lady who sells the greatest number of tickets for their special exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts for the benefit of the Soldiers' Home. Young ladies, there's a chance. Try, we all!

The things that really tempt me most, are

the skeleton leaves, phantom banquets, spirit flowers, the ghosts of flowers. Among the most beautiful of these, is a vase presented by a Quaker lady, seventy years of age; and had I eighty dollars to give to or give a vase, this dear old lady's gift should have it all. Some of the wax crevices, wreathed with flowers, are particularly pure and beautiful; and the wax flowers are charming; sometimes a single fly, holding its proved head, or a branch of leaves of the valerian lying upon their own dark leaf, a most remarkable picture in the loveliest vase. Numerous shaded or guilloche-like Rosette patterns.

The Jacquard loom is as busy with its shuttles and spools, as it was at the "Great Fair," presenting in threads of a guilloche-like texture one side, of the other appear ribbons of the most various and variegated patterns. I watched it work, and I could but wonder at the art of improvement, the marvels of the age, the great and wicked age in which we live. In 1812, Miss Berry (the great Miss Berry,) this dear friend of half the great historical characters of her day, (and what a long day it was!) writes in her journal—while at Strawberry Hill, (once Horace Walpole's home,) "I went into one of the cottages to see a man weave ribbons. He told me he could make ten yards a day, of the width we call 'sixpence.'" Think of it! ye people of the nineteenth century, and then go and watch the Jacquard loom at work.

In the Foyer the "Restaurant Department" has a most spacious and well-arranged room, in every way adapted to the purposes of refreshing the inner man. That the devotees of Thems and Comus appreciate the viands provided, is evident from the well-filled, so, well surrounded, tables with which the room is supplied. I can only recommend their paned oysters and coffee, although doubtless all else is equally good.

The band which performs every evening, adds very much to the entertainment; it is hard to sit with so much brightness about and beneath one, and...

"Let sweet music steal into our ears."

For then, memory, with its magical pinions, flies backward, and before us, sees Coloss and Adelaide Phillips, Kellogg, and poor, pretty Blinckley, with Brigadier, by turn the adoring lover of each. Eheu fugaces "the days that are no more."

In the Book Department, besides a great variety of every-day literature, handsomely gotten up as "fairings" should always be, there are a large number of most beautifully bound Bibles and Prayer books. Of the "Knaepel," the daily paper, published by the Fair, I can say no word of praise, therefore I hold my peace, (I am rather sore over "Fair papers," being minus \$10, for our "Daily Fair" which, in lieu of papers that were now as I was obliged to make good to my list of subscribers! a dreadful thing for a poor "young woman," although Mr. Childe will not realize it, put it to him, as I will, and as I have, by-the-way.)

The Fair-proper deserves the greatest praise, but—one must always find some fault, a few to pick a hole in,) the Art Gallery is a failure; I cannot imagine a greater mistake than to charge an extra 25cts. for that department; a mistake in every way! for those who cannot afford, or do not choose to pay the additional sum, feel aggrieved, as if some injustice had been practized upon them, and most assuredly this is doubly felt by those who do pay the entrance fee; that I am not wrong is proved by the very poor attendance.

The room is a small, poked-up place, shockingly ventilated, and terribly warm. Almost all the pictures are old ones, (none the worse for that, if they were really very fine works of art.) And the few really good ones are so ill hung, that it is a great annoyance. Buchanan Read's "Undine," which is lovely by itself, and in a proper light, is perched up in an upper corner of this very uncomfortable position in a very ordinary landscape, in a very blue dress (not the landscape, let me explain, but the aforesaid lady.)

But there is one thing so lovely, that were it in a room by itself, and the extra charge for it alone, it ought to be satisfaction enough. The statue of the Agnes Del, which Miss Stevens, of New Jersey, has again presented to the soldiers of the land. She gave it to the "Sanitary Fair," and having bought it back herself, (for \$1,400, I believe,) like a good angel, lays it once more upon the shrine of a noble cause.

Here will I end my quest, because to use the candid and honest expression constantly recurring in the extant letters of Michel Angelo—"Nothing further occurs to me to say at this time," "I have no more to write."

MARGARET.

## Working and Thinking.

Says Ruskin, "It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect, than to value it for its own sake. We are always in these days trying to separate the two; we want one man to be always thinking, and another to be always working, and we call one a gentleman and the other an operative; whereas the workman ought often to be thinking, and the thinker often to be working; and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. As it is, we make both ungentle, the one envying, the other despising his brother; and the mass of society is made up of morbid thinkers and miserable workers. Now it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the professions should be made liberal, and there should be less pride felt in peculiarity of employment, and more in excellence of achievement."

It is an ancient conundrum. "Why is Queen Elizabeth more remarkable than the fall of Niagara?" Because they are a wonder, but she was a Tudor." But here is an improvement on it: A Norfolk farmer built himself a house, and instead of one "half-door" in the middle, set a door in each wing. Being asked why he called his house "Elizabethan," he replied, "Because, you see, it is a *7-door* (two-door) cottage."

CHANGE OF BUSINESS.—The editor of the Boston Banner, published in Boston Parish, Louisiana, threatens to quit the newspaper business and go to stealing cotton, if subscribers don't pay up.

The Missourians are exiled over re-

## South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY COSMO.

Paraguay—Paraguayan—Social, Social, and Political Condition—Arts—Mechanics—Religious Beliefs.

I do not pretend to be sufficiently well acquainted with Paraguay as to be able to write a consecutive history of the country, its productions, and people, at the whole period of my sojourn in the interior, however, pretended Republic was but a trifles beyond two months, and although every facility that we could wish was afforded our party for seeing and learning all we could, it is not a very great deal that can be learned of even a small country by two months' residence in it.

We did not enough, however, during our rambling through the capital, and frequent excursions of fifteen, twenty, and sometimes fifty miles, out among the provinces, to convince us that Paraguay was made especially for Paraguayans; and these as surely, for the rule of such a man as President Lopez, and that of his predecessor, Dr. Frascati, who, between them, have ruled the country in a manner that no other country on earth has ever been ruled, ever since it assumed its position among the nations of South America.

Paraguay and Paraguayans are anomalies in the history of civilization—even "South American Civilization." A country fashioned and Nature herself fixed in a position of isolation; an elevated plateau, placed within natural defenses—barriers of rugged sierras and boundless plains—no coast, no commerce, accessible to invading army or hostile fleet only by more than a thousand miles of rapid river navigation, capable of impregnable defenses at every quarter of a mile within her outer gate—her resources and productions equal to every requirement of her population, rendering her absolutely independent of the outer world; producing a race of men more intelligent, enduring, and energetic, than any other Spanish-American country; a race who, with all their spirit and intelligence, are content to live and die the slaves of a despot, whose rule is, after all, no gentler, that the yoke of slavery is never felt. Such, in brief, is Paraguay, the country of an island, island nation, heading no intercourse with other countries, either near to or distant, and even down to the present period so little known, that almost all her territory beyond her capital is virtually a terra incognita.

Physically, the Paraguayans are very far superior to the people of any other South American country—the fierce, warlike, and unassimilable *Aracuanian* savages, inhabiting the west coast, on the southern borders of Chile, alone excepted. The men of Paraguay are usually of larger stature, better developed, more muscular, and almost invariably handsome and more manly looking than either their Spanish or Brazilian neighbors. The female characteristics are just as distinctly marked in favor of the Paraguayan women. Of fair complexion, as rule, better formed, more graceful, always vivacious, and in twenty out of every twenty-five instances, really beautiful, they do not, after eighteen or twenty, grow squat, shabby, nallow, stolid, and absolutely hideous, as do the women of Brazil, Buenos Ayres, and all the Spanish-American countries—making a partial, and only partial, exception in favor of Chile. In intelligence, and all the better qualities of humanity, the Paraguayans, both men and women, are as far superior to their neighbors, as they are physically. Such, in a few words, is the mass of Paraguayan population—a country and people, as will be seen, both anomalous, having no like in the civilized world.

Morally and socially, the character of the people of Paraguay is a model that might be copied with advantage by the people of every other country of South America. The Sabbath is more generally respected than we had ever found it in Brazil, Uruguay, or the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata. The priests we always found free from habits of drunkenness and immorality; services were held regularly in the churches, and men and women attended, almost as generally as the people of our most moral communities in the United States are in the habit of doing; whereas, in all other South American countries, men rarely put their foot within the portals of a church, except upon election days, or to witness the christening of some semi-royal infant.

It was very rarely that we heard of row, robberies, murders, or the depredations of highwaymen, either in the city or country, though there would, now and then, occur an instance where some daring outlaw would commit crimes that would chill the blood with horror. But the career of these desperados was almost invariably brief, terminating their career of blood and worthless lives together, in a manner sometimes as terrible as the outrages of which they were guilty. It is possible that an instance or two of the kind may come directly in our way before we leave the country.

Politically, the Paraguayans are automation. Moving as a superior intelligence directs, having no independent thought, motive, or action. Nominally, Paraguay claims to be a Republic. So entirely nominal is the claim, that it was better laid aside entirely. It is very true that Paraguay has her Presidential elections, and that Paraguayan vote for their Chief Magistrate. But there is never but the one candidate in the political field—that candidate is always Don Jose Lopez; and any one can see how easy a matter it is in a country whose entire population is less than five hundred thousand, and has an army of sixty thousand equipped and tolerably well drilled soldiers, all devoted to their military chief, for that chief having—as sporting men say—the inside track, to keep it during life.

President Lopez does all the political thinking necessary to be done in the country, leaving his well-considered subjects free to devote all ingenuity, energy, and industry, to agriculture, the arts, and mechanical requirements of the country. A genius for art, and many of the mechanical pursuits seems to be inherent in the Paraguayans. In all iron and cabinet work, they excel. They are capital tailors, shoemakers, weavers, hatters, and jewelers. I saw one day in a watchmaker's establishment, two beautiful imitation Swiss watches, quite equal, so far as I knew, to any watch ever turned out by a Geneva watchmaker, and entirely of native workmanship. In two studios of native artists in the city of Asuncion, we saw specimens, both in landscape and historical composition, of far more merit than thousands of *puffed darts* that find permanent places in private collections and public galleries in this country.

In almost all the sciences, however, with the exception of military engineering, the Paraguayans we found proverbially deficient—in one of them—if it be a science, our medical corps were enlightened a large assembly one evening in a manner that left every soul of them, from the Dictator down to the youngest son, in an interminable tangle of doubt and uncertainty, whining for himself the title of "Don Carlos Diaz," which he wore during our sojourn in the country.

Whether or not there be in reality any mere power by which one person can control the will and actions of another, is a question that I have never been able to settle satisfactorily in my own mind. But this I do know: In five hundred instances I think, I had seen the doctor perform feats in what he called the science, that were perfectly astounding, and altogether beyond my comprehension.

The doctor was always shy about the exhibition of his wonderful powers, but some how, his secret leaked out before we had been long in Asuncion; and one evening at the mansion of President Lopez, after a great deal of persuasion, he put Don Martin and his two daughters, into a massive stone, causing them to eat such queer antics, that Don Jose and several guests, both ladies and gentlemen, nearly burst with laughter, though they were all something awed, and I believe considerably frightened. It was the first thing of the kind ever seen or heard of in the country, and they all religiously believed it to be either witchcraft or the devil's dudge, inclining strongly to the latter opinion.

The fact, performed under such circumstances, advertised our modest H. D. everywhere among the ten thousand inhabitants of Asuncion; and within three days, Dr. Charley Bond was a great man more famous in the Paraguayan capital than he had ever expected to be anywhere. From every quarter, and all sorts of people, he received invitations, and was teased and importuned to come to their houses and "make funny," for Don Martin and his daughters had assured everyone that they saw that the sensations produced were very pleasant. The doctor was even blacked up in the streets ten times a day, by strutting soldiers and pretty concubines, Government officials and garrulous old women, who forced him to take fees and show their eyes. In a week, mesmerism became a popular fad in Asuncion. The doctor became hourly tired of the ridiculous position in which his science had placed him. And one day he said to me—

"Cosmo—I'll put an end to this at the first opportunity; see if I don't."

And he did. For that very evening, he, with our whole party, were invited to dine at the house of General Marques de Santiago, Commander-in-chief of the Paraguayan army, and brother-in-law to His Excellency, Don Jose. Of course we were obliged to attend; and upon our arrival, at about six P. M., we found assembled some sixty guests, representing the beauty, fashion, and chivalry of Asuncion.

The festivities of the table might have continued, as was customary, three hours, but for the impatience of every one to witness the mesmeric manifestations, and that shortened the party to one.

"Doctor—if you please, make me sleep funny," plied a beautiful little seventeen year old concubine, niece to Gen. Santiago, seated next the doctor.

In ten winks the donna's eyes were fast sealed, and with a teaspoon she was sipping mustard out of a crust, calling it *duvel*.

"Doctor—make my eyes shut," said a magificent, middle-aged lady, across the table.

Five passes, and down went the donna's eyelids, and up went the sensor, and off in a blind walk up the table, whirling away with her a handsome young man servant. That was a signal for a general rising and universal crowding around the conjurer. Dr. Bond let loose all his powers of *diablerie*, and such a pandemonium never was seen at any dinner party on this earth. Ten grave dons were in as many minutes transformed into harlequins. Dona Zobidea, the lady of Gen. Santiago, with a carving-knife in each hand, was ringing a furious carnival chime on cut-glass pendants of a costly candelabra. Gen. Santiago was off in a brilliant *barro*, swinging our little Baltimore beauty like feather whether he would and she would not. The third great man in all Paraguay, had coaxed Madam Coimo into a fascinating *andando*. Dona Esmeralda, eldest daughter of the President, had captured Capt. Gator, and was initiating him into the mysteries of the Paraguayan *Doco Turante*. Dona Juana was making love to our handsome young Boston Bohemian. The Dictator himself was dancing like mad; and nearly every one of the Paraguayan persuasion, was acting as foolishly as it was possible for men, women, and children, to do—when in an instant the doctor dissolved the charm, and everybody stood there dumbfounded—gazing at each other as ridiculously silly as it is possible to imagine people.

They had got a surfeit of mesmeric manifestations. Dr. Bond got rid of all future importunities: but he never got rid of the sobriquet of "Don Carlos Diaz," while we remained in Paraguay.

## How to Deal with the Cholera.

The progress of the cholera in Europe has produced a somewhat remarkable report, which has been made to the French Emperor by Messrs. Drouot d'Ihuya and Armand Bobie. These high officers of State, tracing the disease to its source, attribute it to the vast crowds of Moslem pilgrims which resort to Mecca and Djedda, where they congregate in defiance of all sanitary regulations, and increase the danger by the nature of their religious exercises. During the present year the number of these pilgrims was estimated to be two hundred thousand, and the number of sheep and camels slaughtered by them exceeded one million. The offal of these carcasses, instead of being buried, was abandoned on the ground, putrefying on the open air and exhaling most frightful stenches. The pilgrims themselves are dirty. They live in defiance of every rule which insures health, and the consequence is that the number of deaths among them is fearful. Formerly when pilgrims journeyed across the desert in vast caravans, the travel and the influence of the air disseminated the poison which clung to their garments and accompanied their movements. But now the facilities of travel by water communi- cation are such that the pilgrims are forwarded by steam toward their destination and brought back rapidly on their return. They have not the means to dissipate the infection which has attached itself to them. They are crowded in the vessels which convey them, in defiance of comfort and health. They are filthy in the extreme, and very shortly after they leave the

head-quarters of the cholera they bring the infection to distant places. These facts are beyond

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[November 11, 1893]

## NET FIRE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY H. R. CORRY.

Go to the nest! Sodom and weary-hearted,  
Wretched with thy conscious sufferings many  
a day;  
From all the gladness things of life long past,  
Hunted to death with bloodhounds on thy way.

Chilled with the shadows and the wild wind's  
whistlings,  
Trailing with bleeding feet a desert shore,  
Counting the time but by thy sick heart's throbings—

A weary, weary toll—thank God! 'tis thine  
no more!

Ah! who could guess its countless strokes of  
madness,  
Through all these later years of gathering ill?  
No silver singing of his old-time gladness—

The charts are broke, the worn-out wheels  
are still!

Long didst thou battle with the fate that bound  
thee,  
Long strive with powerless hand to break thy  
chain;

And faster as the fates gathered 'round thee,  
Turn to escape and find it still in vain.

And serpent eyes smiled on thy proud endeavor  
To keep thy noble spirit from the thrall;  
And mocked thee, as triumphant demons over  
Have mocked at Genius while they wrought  
his fall.

Tortured with agonies past all our dreaming,  
Maddened by wrongs that stung thee every  
where,

What marvel if at last with vengeful seeming,  
Thou gavest wrong for wrong in thy despair!

I cannot curse thee, though from all around me  
I hear but curses breathed upon thy name;  
I can but think of these old days that found  
thee,

Through many a change, true-hearted all the  
same.

Of long-gone days of pleasure's summer glancing,  
That brightened o'er thy destiny and mine,  
And quickened happy hearts and footsteps,  
dancing

Around thy home—beneath thy tree and vine.

Also for thee, and for the night that waited!  
A starless night that showed no break of blue,  
Till Death's white hand clasped thine, oh sorrow-  
fated!

And lead thee toward the dawn that glimmer-  
ed through.

They say thy one black crime hath no for-  
giving;  
That God's sweet mercies cannot flow for thee.  
Alas for us—alas for all the living,  
If one brief madness shapes eternity!

If one lone human heart that mourns thy sin-  
ning,  
Still finds for thee no bitterness, no blame,  
Shall One who knows the end from the begin-  
ning,

Forsee the frailty from His hand that came?

God forgive us, who are so unforgiving!

God shelter those to whom our doors are  
barred!

Fold 'round them still the mantle of Thy loving,  
And in Thy pity mete them their reward!

## THE HEIRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY BARBARA JOHN.

I.

Among the arrivals that were chronicled at the St. Nicholas, on that beautiful June morning, were the names of Hugh Stanmore, daughter, and niece, from Baltimore."

"There, girls, everything is in readiness," said Mr. Stanmore, as the last trunk was unstrapped. "You will have two good hours before dinner; I shall not disturb you all that time."

"We shall be in regular trim, uncle; I'm only too impatient to begin my onslaught on these Gothamites," and Claire Allison looked up archly.

"You are a saucy little witch; I'm more than half afraid of your madcap whims."

"You needn't be, uncle; my charms are nothing solid. Milly's sure of being queen, that's why she's so silent."

"Is that it, pa?" stooping to give a kiss to the little body nestled away in the easy chair, her travelling-bag trailing on the carpet, and her wealth of sunny girls falling in profusion over her dust-covered manna.

"I wish Rose was here."

"So do I," echoed Claire.

"Brave! I didn't you promise to wait on each other; and booking out the very first morn-  
ing."

"Not quite that, pa—but I'm theel; and be-  
sides we are all due."

"A little exertion will soon rid you of this; rest, and a bath, and you'll both be more com-  
fortable. Good-bye till dinner," and the door closed.

"Height! I wonder if there's many here,  
and Claire unloosed her boots. "Now, Miss  
Milly, shall I take yours?" And she dropped on one knee, and began operations.

"There, it's quite as well as Rose would have  
done it, and much quicker."

"I'm much obliged," said Milly, waking up and dancing over the carpet in her stocking-feet. "Now let us see which will be the pret-  
test."

"Oh, as for that, Miss Stanmore the heiress! I am only Miss Allison." There was no laughing now.

"And what say you to taking my place, dur-  
ing the next six weeks?"

"I should like it of all things; my conquests  
would then be complete."

"Conquests made with money, I should care  
very little about."

"What would make say to the arrange-  
ment?"

"Nothing against it, I dare say. If I am will-  
ing, he would not object."

"And I may wear your jewelry; and you  
will dress as pink as I am accustomed to?"

"You are welcome to wear my jewelry; and

as for plain dress, I am sure your wardrobe is in exceedingly good taste."

"Oh, as for that matter, it would not do for a stranger's daughter to dress like the heiress of Baltimore."

"Very well, you are the heiress; and I am Miss Allison; don't mistake the names."

And the two girls ran with their coloring, Claire, soft, and bright, tossing her little head in anticipation of the coat that would be sure to meet her; the compliment she would be sure to win; Milly only thinking of the quiet she would have—the ample time to study form, and character; and if she made any friends, she would be sure it was for herself, and not for her father's wealth—a drawback that she had felt since her earliest remembrance.

"Ready, girls!" as Mr. Stanmore tapped at the inner door.

"Wait a minute, uncle."

"I'm hungry as a bear."

"Miss Stanmore, if you please, uncle." And Claire emerged, looking so arch, and piquant-royal as a young queen. She wore a dress of lustrous猩猩, purple, threaded with gold, exquisitely fitting her well-rounded shoulders; the delicate lace at her throat fastened by a superb brilliant, diamond pendant in her case, with bracelet and rings in harmony. While Milly followed, stared in the lightest, and least-bright dress, so cool and refreshing; her hair like open gold rippling in waves beneath the most ravishing blue net, the mingled odors of violet and honeysuckle about her. It was as if a white frosty cloud had floated up in a sea of smoke.

"Miss Stanmore; and this is Miss Allison, I presume;" as Milly sprang to her father's side, and flung her white arms about his neck.

"What new news is this, pet?"

"Only this, pa—Claire and I are to exchange places for the next six weeks; she is to be the heiress, and I am Milly Allison."

"And so you are to visit me your old uncle into all the pottings and carriages that Milly is entitled to; I see it all." And Uncle Stanmore looked down into the laughing eyes that so strongly reminded him of the darling sister that used to be his pride and joy in that dear old home, in the long ago.

"And supposing I can't remember?"

"Indeed you must, uncle."

"You have thought of the consequences; and are willing to risk them?"

"That's the fun, uncle. We want to see what people are made of."

"You mean, you want to see how much genuine love there is in the world?"

"That's it, pa."

And a loving glance sank down into his heart.

"Very well, Miss Stanmore, to dinner if you please. Miss Allison, allow me!"

And Mr. Stanmore was seated with a lady on each side. For a few moments hunger prevailed. The soup was refreshing; then followed the different courses. Claire found time to look around a little; and Milly made silent observations.

"Fuse and feathers!" as Claire cracked an almond, "that must be petroleum No. one," throwing her eyes in the direction of a pleasant-faced, red-haired little woman in a flashy summer silk, with broad gold bracelets and heavy guard chain, almost large enough for a cable to the Great Eastern.

"Dear me; that pretty little cap of hers doesn't seem to harmonize. Bah! she looks oily."

"Hugh, Claire, a good-natured little woman; and if she's shipped into her honors late in life, the more she enjoys them perhaps. Happiness comes of contrast, variety is pleasing. This easy, nonchalant life at the St. Nicholas, in strong contrast with the old farm somewhere up among the hills of Pennsylvania, and those daughters of hers, out to see the sights, only think how much they must enjoy it."

"You are always in the sunshine, Milly."

"Pictures usually look the best toned down a little. Gas-light is preferable, you think."

"Well, girls, I feel better; shall we take a walk down town, or do you prefer quiet this evening?"

"No, indeed, uncle! Besides, Milly has an errand at Stewart's."

"And that must be attended to. Who ever heard of a lady coming to New York that didn't have an errand at Stewart's?"

"They were soon ready, and two prettier girls had not tripped over the steps of the St. Nicholas than that bright June day than Claire Stanmore and Milly Allison.

"They say they're positively charming, Mr. Stanmore; and the other is my niece, Miss Allison."

"That is all. The other is my niece, Miss Allison."

"That is Miss Stanmore, ma, the one in pink, with lace over it, black hair and such sparkling eyes. Isn't she splendid?"

"She is certainly. Your niece is a different style of beauty. Still she has a very sweet look—so plain and elegant. A mind of her own, I should fancy, that she thus pretences to wear her hair in the way it was worn years ago."

"She is a very amiable and sweet-natured child, not aspiring to be anything more than natural." And the father's eye rested lovingly on his so-called niece.

By this time there was a virtual change of partners. Miss Stanmore walked off with Mr. Morton, her lover—and the mother made place for Mr. Freeman, who had long been waiting to speak to Mr. Stanmore. He remembered that good, benevolent face at a glance; it was the same, only a little older as years ago, when as a poor boy he had stood at the rich man's door and asked his influence in winning a clerkship in a banking house in a foreign city. It was granted. Fifteen years of consecutive business, with prudent investments had made Mr. Freeman a rich man. He had returned only the last winter, and was living in elegant bachelor quarters on the Hudson, and it was by mere accident that he chance to be one of the guests.

The meeting was a pleasant one to both parties. Mr. Stanmore remembering perfectly well the frank, hearted lad, who had gone to tell his story with such a manly seriousness. He had wondered so often how the boy was getting on.

"You are not to return to England?"

"Not at present, if ever."

"Your family, I believe are here."

"A mother and sister were all I had. They both died while I was abroad," and the voice was low and husky.

"We shall remain here three weeks," said Mr. Stanmore. "Then on to Saratoga and the White Mountains. Let us see you as often as possible."

"We, means your family?" said Mr. Freeman with a smile.

"My daughter and niece, beg pardon. I thought you had been presented. Miss Stanmore, Mr. Freeman, Miss Allison."

Both ladies bowed, and Mr. Stanmore felt only too glad to escape saying my daughter, he would have the rest to be informed.

Strange to say Mr. Freeman, who had only just a moment before expressed his intention of leaving suddenly, changed his mind, giving his arm to Miss Allison; they joined the promenaders, while Mark Morton and Miss Stanmore strolled off to the refreshment room, leaving the old

and refined, but with none of the awe and admiration with which Miss Stanmore had been greeted.

For a few moments she stood, as curiously Mr. Stanmore talked to her of the place, the people, and their manners, in that quiet unobtrusive which well-bred persons often use to say witty and sarcastic things of their neighbors. Soon they found themselves where the side of the Hudson deep, and Miss Allison's hand was claimed for a dance just forming.

Mr. Stanmore resigned his charge to her partner with a smile; then, as they took their place, he moved away in search of Mr. Ashley, the only one whom he happened to see at the time. Mr. Ashley was a man of the generation, well versed in stocks, and just now the cynosure of all eyes, having cleared something very handsome in his late speculations in the oil regions; and very soon a spirited discussion was commenced and carried on, Mr. Stanmore bringing out with well meaning tact the new man whom he had known years before as a day laborer. But this did not in the least lower him in the estimation of the old capitalist.

Mr. Stanmore was one of those benevolent, whale-souled men, perfectly willing that one should float out of lower into a higher atmosphere, provided they could readily do so. In his younger days he was perfectly well acquainted with the "bulls" and "bears" in Wall street. Now he listened complacently, assenting enough to keep his companion in countenance.

"Here you are, pa! Oh, I'm so glad!" and a little frisky, fixed-up woman laid her hand on Mr. Ashley's arm.

"My wife, Mr. Stanmore, Mr. Stanmore, of Baltimore, Hon."

"I've heard tell of you, Mr. Stanmore. Happy to see you again," and Mrs. Stanmore bowed till the red curlers seemed like falling.

"If Mr. Stanmore will excuse us, I want you to speak to Miss Jane a moment, she's so terribly imprudent, and away the 'pater-familias' went to lay down the rule in the case of Miss Jane."

"My dear Mr. Stanmore, we are so glad to welcome you to New York again," and Mrs. Stanmore held out her hand.

"It hardly seems long, Mrs. Stanmore. While I have been growing perceptibly older, you have certainly stood still, and a pleasant smile gleamed on Mr. Stanmore's face.

"Indeed, sir, I feel quite old. Bessie," turning to a beautiful girl at her side, "was hardly out of the cradle the last time you dined with us, now she's talking of leaving me," and the mother looked proudly as some mothers do when their daughters are about to make an eligible match.

To tell the truth Bessie Stanmore was a splendid looking girl, and one that might have counted personal attractions sufficient to afford a reasonable prospect of an eligible husband, provided her father had not been the possessor of a dollar in the world, and very prettily she looked now in her rose-colored silk, the delicate lace berths and flounces of real material, and quite the envy of half the ladies in the room. Mrs. Stanmore, resplendent in mauve colored robe, heavy with richness, softened by a shawl of pointed lace, cast with studied carelessness about her shoulders, falling away gracefully from the finely developed bust, and mingling with under-sleeves of the same costly fabric.

Through the exquisite pattern of these, light and beautiful as frost-work pictures, flashed and burned a diamond brooch, matched at the throat by a brooch that represented to the quick eye of Mr. Stanmore a goodly number of Mr. Stanmore's thousands.

Her head-dress was a marvel of French taste and beauty, a half wreath of clematis drooping low upon the neck, and besprinkled with drops of crystal, like gems of dew. Whether her cheek owed its freshness to the excitement of the occasion, or to some more enduring cosmetic, it was not easy to decide. But her words had all the charm of youthfulness.

"Your daughters are positively charming, Mr. Stanmore. I can hardly keep my eyes away from them. I had always supposed you had but one child."

"That is all. The other is my niece, Miss Allison."

"That is Miss Stanmore, ma, the one in pink, with lace over it, black hair and such sparkling eyes. Isn't she splendid?"

"She is certainly. Your niece is a different style of beauty. Still she has a very sweet look—so plain and elegant. A mind of her own, I should fancy, that she thus pretences to wear her hair in the way it was worn years ago."

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one through the hills, from gate to gate, the garden, Chaire, or "moss, shadow and sunny, sunny, like some sweet singing bird, a bumblebee, in a field of clover, or a humbling bird in a thicket of rose, laughing and chattering in her quiet, peaceful way; and the eyes of the two girls, men, could hardly bear following on her gold-sprinkled head, flushed out from behind a cluster of roses, or the white stones at the fountain, bounding up the walk after Chaire, putting her sportively with the crimson leaves.

Not long, and they were forced to join her, grave subjects were not to be thought of, besides the host was beginning to be apprehensive. Mr. Freeman turned into a side path, and into a little arbor shaded from the sun, and still commanding a fine view of the river.

"This is my thought land, my dream palace, when I see a little blossom; and a gentle smile stole up into the eyes.

"Honolulu, Mr. Freeman; I did not know that gentleness ever indulged in such luxury." And Milly looked up, arched, a sweet pea-vine, laden with pink and white blossoms trailing over her shoulder, and contrasting prettily with her dress of white Organdy.

A trousseau strolled about the mouth of Glyde Freeman, she looked no very like what Edith might have been, and try as he would he could not escape a sigh as he thought of their cold, hard life; the mother with her patient, daily toil, could she only have lived till now, and see that his effort had been crowned with success, and Edith, the pale, feeble little thing, that had tried to bear bravely, to help, thus early burdened beyond her strength, her young life trodden out, and he so far away, working steadily. Now he had enough. Too late! too late!

"I should almost think myself in the garden of Eden, Mr. Freeman. I imagine our first parents enjoyed a more delicious morning," and Mr. Stannmore cast his eyes.

"It would not be difficult to imagine my guests the Eve of any Eden," was the ready rejoinder.

A servant brought in a lunch on a chased silver waiter; white flaky cake, strawberries, a pitcher of rich cream, with the same cream. A lively conversation ensued, notwithstanding the heat. Then to the house with easy grace and abandon of children.

"This must be Mr. Freeman's sister," as Milly wandered down the hall and stood at an open door directly opposite a sweet child face, the soft blue eyes full of arch mirth, the ruby lips as if about to uncloise, the velvety softness of the cheek rounded in beauty, with masses of sunny curly falling on bare, white shoulders. A lovely face, and still a look of sadness. Instinctively the soft eyes filled with tears. "Mrs. Talbot," and Milly looked round, only to see Mr. Freeman.

"Yes, that is a picture of Edith; may I tell you about her some time," and he looked tenderly at the blushing cheek and tear-dimmed eyes.

"A lovely face! I should like to know about her, if it will not trouble you, Mr. Freeman."

"Sometime I must tell you," and he closed the door, as Claire came up with her gay badminton. Flitting through the elegant rooms, rare paintings were found, and old prints overturned with the bijou, and art designs the owner had gathered in a lifetime, and light words and quaint speeches, bright, sparkling, Mr. Stannmore finding it difficult at times to answer with propriety when Claire addressed him as Pa, or Milly as Uncle. Still he did not commit himself.

"I am almost sorry the day is done," as, the rounds made, Mr. Stannmore stepped on to the veranda, "I ordered the carriage at such an hour, and here it is." Many were the kind words said by the old housekeeper, as the girls made themselves in readiness for the ride.

"What say you to joining us at Saratoga or the White Mountains, Mr. Freeman?"

"It is not impossible, but you may see me at the mountains," and the carriage whirled away.

"A real white day, wasn't it?" and Milly was silent.

III.

It was the crowning of the session when Mr. Stannmore reached Saratoga. Such a gay, bustling, butterfly place, Claire was in her element, but Milly wished to be back again at the mountains. What new revelations were opened to her, this little city girl, just fresh from her books, her heart full of all sweet thoughts and purposes; unknown of care or sorrow, a constant trill of gladness welling up and brimming over, refreshing as water in a thirsty land. Brought face to face with the glory and sublimity of the mountains, everything else seemed to sink into insignificance.

More than this, Clyde Freeman made one of the number, and bore out on this man's speech, she had felt a nearness to His presence, who created and who holds all things in His keeping. The giant mountain towering to the skies, the tiny atom on the sandied shore each in His care. What a sense of security, and she wondered, knowing so little, as she did of care how anybody could be troubled.

And thus it was up among the hollows, the shade so dense and thick the sun never came, Clyde Freeman told Milly of Edith, and what she was to him in that old home years ago; told with the tears in his eyes of the old, hard struggle with poverty, and how at last the mother had fallen in the path, then Edith, while Milly could not speak for the sorrow she felt to see this man that she had thought so strong thus bowed in his anguish.

Saying this he was done, and Milly was too simple-hearted to dream that he might have another history to disclose some time farther on, and then as he talked of the beauty and grandeur that surrounded them, she seemed to gather new light, and to look at men and things from a new standpoint.

While Claire was satisfied without tiring herself, as she said, down in the giddy, crowded life at the hotel, absorbed by the excitement of the moment, and listening to the pretty nothings of her crowd of quondam admirers, visiting of course the most popular resorts, but never drawing near the awful stillness of the summit, from the height of which she would have turned with delight on the patty expeditions where they fished and laughed in their gay dresses, and returned, bearing nothing with them.

So now Mr. Stannmore was at the United States.

"Come, Milly," said Claire, "let's go down and take a glass of Congress, and a stroll in the park. It's so pleasant this morning." And away they went for their strolls.

"It seems we are just in time, ladies, or have you a particular engagement?" and Mr. Gilmore bowed gravely.

"It is too charming to stay in the house; we are only bound for the open air."

"And you will suffer us to join you?" as Mr. Freeman made his appearance.

"With pleasure," and they strolled out in that sweet "dolce far niente" manner, passed to the gay leisure, further on to where the trees were silent, and the shade the heavier, the hem of carriage whirs, softened by distance, and the light laugh and sparkling just like the faint murmur of an echo.

"A charming, carefree life people live here, but I had so much rather have stayed at the mountains," and Milly pinched a tiny blue flower, and looked down into its azure cup.

"These were charming days, and I am not at all surprised that you should prefer them to the artificial glare, blinding, dazzling perhaps, but bringing woe; those lovely views how vividly they come back again, something to dream over in my bachelor home, and that makes me think I must go to-morrow."

"So soon," and there was a perceptible start. "What think you of my home, Milly, I did not hear your opinion?"

"I thought you knew that. It was charming."

"Would you be satisfied with such a home?"

"Satisfied, I should be delighted."

"Will you accept of mine?"

"Why what do you mean?" and Milly raised her wondering eyes, never once dreaming of the exact purport of his words.

"I mean will you come to my home, will you be my wife, the darling to fill my heart so long desolate?"

"You really love me? I had not dreamed of this," and her blue eyes filled.

"You do not refuse, you will love me?" and his lips met hers.

"I do love you—but, do you know that I am penniless?"

"I do not ask a fortune. Your love, is it mine?"

"All if you wish it."

While these two were walking in elysian fields, Claire and Mr. Gilmore had reached the hotel, surmising that a crisis was at hand, and feeling perhaps a little guilty. Tired at least of the part she was acting, Claire listened to Mr. Gilmore, then returned him to Mr. Stannmore, and smilingly said, she supposed, "It would make no difference with his love whether she was daughter or niece, she could of course trust that."

"I had supposed—" and his lip was colorless, whether from emotion or passion. Claire could hardly tell, "my love will, of course be the same, but delay will be necessary," and he bowed himself out, muttering between his teeth: "Had I followed my better nature, it would have been all right; the other was by far the prettiest, and turns out to be the heiress."

That night Mr. Freeman made one in the little circle that met in Mr. Stannmore's private parlor.

"So this experiment of yours has exploded," giving Claire's ear a slight pinch.

"Lost and won, alone," with a sly look at Milly. "I must say, considering, you did very well not to expose us. I am much obliged, and thoroughly satisfied, dear uncle."

"And are you sure there will be no regret, no longings to see a certain person that shall be names?"

"Bab! uncle. It was not me at all, but my reported wealth. I have always loved money for what it brings, but in this case it only brought a counterfeit, worthless as so much dross. Friendship is too sweet, love too holy, to be bought with money. My life will be the happier for this lesson—there are no regrets."

#### TO MY ABSENT LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY WILLIAM ADRIAN HUNTLEY.

My heart is with my absent love,  
Gay though I seem to be;  
When other forms around her move,  
Oh, does she think of me?  
I wonder does she sing my song?  
My presents does she keep?  
And sometimes steal from Pleasure's throne,  
To sit with them and weep?

I would not seek to dry those eyes,  
But let the tears flow on;  
One silent drop far more I prize  
Than any smile I've known.  
For though I cannot hear her tread,  
Still true this heart shall be;  
Her smile for others may be shed,  
But, oh! her tears for me.

The days would move with lagging pace,  
The nights would endles seem,  
If memory could not see her face,  
And fancy could not dream  
Of her, my sweetest dreams must be,  
Her love I'll ne'er resign;  
And while she sheds one tear for me,  
I'll still believe her mine.

#### Captain Dick's Lady-Love.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I confess that I am of a jealous disposition. Richard knew that, perfectly well, when I married him. I myself am a plain little woman as far as face goes, with very little that I can think of to recommend me; and Dick, oh, he is such a handsome fellow, and had always had the reputation of being such a big flirt, before he became acquainted with me. Whatever he could see about me to prove so attractive—he who had been a "lion among ladies," who shone in society—I could not quite understand; so when he offered me his hand in marriage, I thought it only prudent to speak a sober word to him—and I assure you I took great credit to myself for it at the time, when I wanted nothing but to throw myself into his arms and rest against his broad breast in perfect peace, without a question. But Aunt Julia (who has had experience, and whose heart is so large and warm) warned me once so sternly, against the risk I might run, with my impulsive disposition, that I—in short, I said this to Dick:

"You know that I love, oh, I love you—with all my heart. There is no one in this world for me, save you, and never will be. But, darling, don't think me foolish, will you? I am as plain, and I have no accomplishments whatever; I neither play the piano, nor sing, nor dance, nor any of those things; and I don't know what should make you love me at all; and I am half afraid you will tire of me sometime—men do such things, Dick—and then I should get fear-

## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

### NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

#### SPLENDID ARRAY OF CONTRIBUTORS.

#### UNSURPASSED AND UNSURPASSABLE.

MRS. BELLA E. SPENCER having purchased an interest in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and MR. EDMUND DEACON having retired from the paper, THE POST passes into the management of a NEW FIRM, who are determined to infuse FRESH LIFE, TALENT and ENERGY into its columns. The popular novelist,

EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REVENGE," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c. has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett will begin a continued story in the first number of the New Year. It will be called

#### THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST; A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

This story will run through twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called the "frontiers of civilization, the dark and bloody ground."

THE POST will be edited by MRS. BELLA E. SPENCER, who will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

#### SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

WILLIAM C. BRYANT,  
Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.

FLORENCE PRICE,  
Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.

MRS. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,  
Author of "This, That, and the Other."

STEPHEN PAUL SHEPPIELD,  
Author of "Love isle," &c.

MRS. HENRY WOOD,  
Author of "East Lynne," &c.

MRS. A. D. F. WHITNEY,  
Author of "Faith Garney's Girlhood," &c.

ELIMON C. DONNELLY,  
Author of "Gabriel Wilk's Return," &c.

BELLA Z. SPENCER,  
Author of "Orna," &c.

MRS. M. F. TUCKER,  
Author of "Battle Fields of our Fathers," &c.

VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND,  
Author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

MRS. ELIZA SPROAT TURNER,  
Author of "Antagonists," &c.

AUGUST BELL,  
Author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

CLARA AUGUSTA,  
Miss A. L. MULHEY.

BEATRICE COLONNA,  
Author of "Told by the Sun," &c.

MRS. MARGARET HOMMER,  
Author of "The Morrison's," &c.

HARRIS BYRNE,  
"Cosmo,"

Author of "South American Sketches," &c.

LILLIAN DEVEREUX UMSTAD,

MRS. MARY A. DENISON,

MARY A. J. ALLEN,

S. ANNIE FROST,

EMMA M. JOHNSTON,

MRS. H. A. HAYDON,

Author of "Margaret," &c.

CLAUDE CLINTON, U. S. A.

SOPHIE MAY,

MRS. ANNA BACHE

ANNIE F. KENT,

"Aunt Alice,"

FRANCIS H. SHEPPIELD,

PHILIP H. CASE,

HARRIET W. STILLMAN,

CHARLES MORRIS,

LUCILLE MATTER,

IRENE BOYNTON,

MARY H. COSEY,

LUCIAN ELLIOTT,

AUTHOR OF "A BLASTED LIFE,"

BARBARA JOHN,

BELLE ST. AUBIN,

MARY A. FORESTER,

EDWIN R. MARTIN,

SARA J. RUMNEY,

T. J. CHAMBERS, &c., &c., &c.

&lt;p

eight years old. I send you my portrait in return. I think the matching will fit. It is according to the measure I took of your hand that day when you held me on your lap. You did not know what that bit of red tape meant, then, did you, Captain Dick? Wear it when you "smile and dream," and think sometimes of the giver. Your little friend,

LILLIE CASE.

"Dr. Seelye," was the first question I asked, after reading it through, "how do you happen to have this letter in your possession, if it is not written to my husband?"

"The simplest explanation, my dear Mrs. Horne, when Captain Dick got that ball in his side, you know, he lay under my care for over a week, and one day as I was doing up some packages of medicine, I was short of paper, and asked him if he had any old letter or anything that I could use. He replied that there were some letters, of no use to him now, in the pocket of his coat, that hung near by. I took them and read them. It so happened that those packages I brought home with me, and I recently overhauled them. I found that this was a second one of them; another who one of your own letters to him; and still another was an answer which he had written to this Miss Case, but did not send, because, as I learned, he was in prison to return her his thanks. That answer, I have the undoubted pleasure of presenting to you."

I took it and read it. It was Dick's well-known hand-writing.

DEAR LILLIE.—Greatly obliged for your kind favor, which I shall long preserve for the giver's sake. Accept my warmest thanks, and assure me that I shall never forget your dear little face as long as I live. Hope sometimes to see you once more. Yours truly,

RICHARD HORNE.

Was ever woman more fully authorized in containing jealousy than was I, after reading those affectionate missives? Is it strange that there came into my eyes that light which I do believe is the brightest light in the world—which provokes to murder, to every wrong, to all possible cruelty?

I felt the blood redden from my face as I read, and I dropped my hand upon my lap, clutching that hateful paper in my darling Dick's own writing, and bowed my head and closed my eyes, while my lip quivered uncontrollably. At the same time, I hated myself for the lump that had got into my heart; and I hated Dr. Seelye worse than I did myself a good deal.

"My dear Mrs. Horne," I heard him commence in his whining tone, "don't allow yourself to give way to your feelings. You have a friend here—a true friend, whose pride it will ever be to serve you."

He leaned over me and took my hand.

I think I snatched it from his clammy touch about as quickly as I ever did anything in my life.

"Dr. Seelye," I said, "my husband's enemy cannot be my friend. It does not matter who this woman is, nor what Dick has done. He is my husband. I shall send these letters to him, and have his explanation."

It was now his turn to pale. But I spent no time in observing his sensations. I retired to my chamber, and—Well, I may as well confess that the first thing that I did was to wash the hand that he had touched.

And then I sat down to consider the case of this Mr. Richard Horne, who was spending his precious time in flinging with black-eye Southern maladies, forgetting—forgetting—And then I began to cry.

That passed over, after a little, and I again returned to the solemn duty in hand.

"Oh, Lillie Case," I cried, "whoever you are, you little know what pain you have made for one poor heart! For give you the credit of believing that you are ignorant that this hand-some captain has a wife who worships him."

The more I read the letter the bitter I was satisfied she was a pure-hearted girl—there was such a sever of innocence about it—it was so sweet and childlike. Why, perhaps it is only some little girl, after all! The blood rushed to my face in a glad current at this thought. This would account for her sitting on his lap, putting her little hands about his dear curly head to measure it, making him a smoking-cap, sending her portrait to him and receiving his in return, begging him to come and see her once more. Why, then if it is a little girl!—But oh, dear, oh, dear, just look at this: "Brother Ben," who died twelve years ago, when I was only eight years old! Then she is twenty now, exactly my own age. Ah, me!

As for the genuineness of the letters, there was not a loophole for a ray of hope in that direction. Their genuineness was unquestionable. The lady's letter was stamped and post-marked in the most crushingly, practical manner. Besides, Dick had an old habit of taking letters from his pocket when he was sitting smoking his cigar after dinner, and idly pricking the paper full of pin-holes; and this letter had been through that original process. His own little note, too, was written on the same kind of paper that he used in writing to me, with his monogram stamped on it—R. H. interwoven in the most graceful manner—the prettiest monogram I ever saw. And if any one could be deceived in Richard's handwriting, it was not I—no, not the deepest forger that ever existed could not imitate the writing of that man, to deceive my sight, for I read his words always with my heart as well as with my eyes.

I wrote and tore up a dozen letters that day, I, who pride myself on my definiteness with the pen, was completely dismasted now. And as I am confessing my sins freely, I shall confess, also, that one of the letters I wrote was to Miss Lillie Case herself. But I blushed deep for shame after I had written it; so gossed a piece of ill-breeding as related to her—so disgraceful, too, to Richard and my trust in him. Nothing but this jealous imp that ruled me could have given birth to such an act. I tore that letter into very small bits indeed.

And at last my letter to Dick was written and despatched. It enclosed these two letters, stated how I got them, and only added, "Oh, Dick, dear, dear Dick, what does it mean?"

As soon as the letter had gone, I felt a remarkable degree of satisfaction and relief. I had done my duty. I had done the thing Dick told me to do, if ever such a case arose; and having done this, I felt that there was nothing else in the world for me to do. I had now only to wait, some joy or pain.

In due time I got my husband's reply. It enclosed a portrait of Lillie Case, and if ever I kissed the crimson face of a photograph with all my heart and soul, it was the face of that same poor, timid little boy that looked out at me with dimmed eyes, full heart of mingled shame and gladness filled my own.

And this was Little Case! A poor little fellow leaning wearily upon a cane and a crutch—a man in years, but a child in strength, and in heart. The son of a washerman, Dick wrote, he had been reared as the household pet, and shielded carefully from rude contact with the world. His mother had sought to ensure him by teaching him needlework, and day after day he would sit upon his bed, packing little gifts for those he loved. In his stronger moments—which sometimes lasted for several days together—he was permitted to walk about the streets of the place, with a servant following at a respectful distance to watch over him. One day my husband met the little fellow in the street, and took him kindly by the hand, winning his innocent heart as he always wins to him the pure and good. His name was Willie, but to make it even more soft and petting, it had been changed to Lillie.

The winter was very severe; more snow had fallen than during the nine preceding years. On the 5th of February, the day on which the order for our march was published, the thermometer stood at seventeen degrees below zero.

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"My dear Mrs. Horne, this is an unexpected pleasure, truly."

"Please be seated, sir," I said, in a tone that frus- the all the warmth out of his mose face; and then do set.

"I have received a letter from my husband," said I, "regarding the letters which you stole out of his pocket when he was sick. I have, you for that mean act."

"Madam!" he ejaculated, with a faint attempt at bluster. "How dare you? I will not remain to be thus—ah—excommunicated."

"But I choose," said I, "that before you go, you should gaze on Miss Lillie Case's portrait."

You should have seen the stare with which he greeted it.

"That is Miss Lillie Case," said I. "I have only to add, that I do this act of penance—to tell you that I am ashamed, utterly ashamed, at my conduct under your skillful management, and to say that in future I prefer that we should be entire strangers to each other."

Then came down the good stick of that ugly racket.

### A March Upon Snow-Shoes.

In the winter of 1812, the preparations made by the United States for an attack on the Canadian frontier, induced the military authorities to direct a regiment to be forwarded from New Brunswick to Quebec without delay. The distance to be thus traversed exceeded five hundred miles; an intimation of the intended move having been given some time previously, the garrison of New Brunswick had been abundantly exercised in marching and manoeuvring on snow-shoes.

The corps selected for this purpose was the old 104th, which was disbanded a few years after. It had originally been raised in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and was composed almost entirely of natives of the British North American colonies, a station from which it had never been removed. The effort thus made was then a novelty in the annals of British arms, and it still remains unique, having never been repeated since. In 1813, indeed, it is true, two regiments, the 43d, and subsequently, the 5th, were sent from St. John, New Brunswick, to Quebec, by the same route; but in those cases the men were carried on sleighs, a certain number of which were attached to each company, and thus the chief difficulty of the undertaking was avoided altogether.

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"Oh, Lillie Case," I cried, "whoever you are, you little know what pain you have made for one poor heart! For give you the credit of believing that you are ignorant that this hand-some captain has a wife who worships him."

In the following pages we purpose giving an account of the march of the 104th, by extracts, verbatim, from the notes of one of the officers, whose journal is now in the possession of the writer of the present article. In order, however, to give our readers a correct idea of the difficulties of the march, it will be desirable, in the first instance, to describe the snow-shoes and some other requisites for such a journey. Of snow-shoes there are several kinds, but those supplied to the 104th appear to have been the most commonly used sort, resembling a racket in shape, and about three feet long by fifteen inches wide, made of the tough and elastic wood of the hickory—the network to support the foot being strongly interlaced thongs of the dressed hide of the caribou deer or moose, often erroneously called the elk. These thongs, when properly dressed, never absorb moisture, but continue elastic—a very great point, as any decrease of elasticity produces much additional fatigue to the wearer. There are two light cross-pieces to connect the framework; and about nine inches from the front, and in rear of the first cross-piece, is an aperture to allow play for the toes, a leather strap being passed over it, to prevent the toes slipping—the foot at the same time being firmly bound with a long roll of leather, passed over the toes and round the heel.

These shoes, when dry, weigh about a pound and a half; when soaked with wet, full half a pound heavier; the cost, at the time of which we write, being about sixteen shillings currency per pair. The strain caused by lifting the snow-shoe, especially if heavy with moisture, causes an intolerable pain in the tendon Achilles, known by the Canadians as *le mal de requeste*, which, with beginners, necessitates frequent halts.

The moccasin or slipper to be worn with the snow-shoe is also an article of consequence, for unless it be well prepared, it becomes speedily saturated with wet snow. It should fit easily over two or three pairs of woolen socks, so as to keep the feet warm and soft. The best material is the skin of the moose, or buffalo-hide or ox hide, well tanned and soaked in brine for twenty-four hours; when half dry, soaked in tannin oil for several days, until compactly saturated, and then gradually dried at a distance from the fire; prepared in this way, they last a long time without bubbling wet.

The next article of importance for the track is the toboggan, or Indian sledge, for carrying baggage and provisions. This is a light sledge, formed of hickory or ash planks, scarcely a quarter of an inch thick, about six feet long, and one foot wide, so as to run in the track of a snow-shoe. The end of the toboggan is turned up like the fingers of a hand half shut, in order to throw off the snow; and attached to it on each side are two small sticks, which form the sides of the vehicle, and prevent articles from falling off. A man can draw one of these toboggans with a hundred weight on it far more easily than carry a knapsack. Having made these few preliminary observations, we will let the officer speak for himself.

"On one occasion, previous to our march, our worthy Governor, General Smyth, who was drilling us, in his anxiety to correct some mis-

takes, forgot that he was on snow-shoes, and moving too hastily, tripped, and suddenly vanished under three or four feet of snow. The snow being very light, instantly covered him, and the place was only marked by an indentation in the snow. Several of us ran to his assistance; but our determined chief joined in the laugh against himself, and would allow no one to assist him. He had been long in the country before, and the nimbleness and dexterity with which he extricated himself turned the accident, ludicrous, as it was, into a useful lesson. Untying one of his snow-shoes he placed it flat on the snow, raised himself by it, laid his elbow on it, then knelt upon it, and tied it on again, and once more reached the surface.

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## WIT AND HUMOR.

## No Innovations!

A good old Bushman of our state was in the habit of sending his son, "Hans," to the mill every Saturday morning with a bag of grain. This was along across the back of old "Rawbones," a small and very-looking horse; and in order to make the load maintain its balance, a large stone was put in one end of the bag, while the grain was packed in the other. One day Hans had the task of getting the corn ready for mill, and by chance forgetting the stone, he loaded the bag the Indian grain part, and he found the load equally balanced on the back of Rawbones. Turning, he spied the stone, and examining the burden discovered that the load went quite as well without it as with. In joy at his great discovery, Hans yelled at the old man, who was in the corn-field.

"Fool! I told you come 'ere!"

"Well, you want, Hans?" said the old farmer, coming out.

"Louis here, father! I've got ten ears of grain in ten bag, without the stone in one end!" The old gentleman looked at Hans's strange innovation, and in a voice choked with wrath at the presumption of the youth, said—

"Take that off! take it off, an' don't set those in ten bag, like it was policy! Your grandfather went to mill with a stone in ten bag to balance it, and your old father too, an' now you goes an' sets yourself up as you know more dan both of 'em! I whip you. Hans, take it off, an' set the stone in ten bag!"

Hans did as directed, and with a monstrous pebble in one end of the bag, and the grain in the other, old Rawbones went on his journey, and the world moved on.

## Sharp.

A comical fellow of our town, named Bayles, was one day in one of the stores, when a little boy came in selling grapes from a small basket. Bayles thought he would have a little fun, and began with:

"Boy, how much will you ask for what grapes I can eat?"

The little fellow eyed him as if to ascertain his alimentary capacity, and replied,

"A shillin'."

Bayles loved grapes, and they rapidly disappeared before him, till the basket was empty, and he called for more. The boy was astonished, but nevertheless supplied him with a few more clusters; when, with a wink at the bystanders, S. pronounced himself satisfied, and paid the shilling.

The next year it happened that Bayles met the same boy selling grapes at the same place, and recalling his former bargain, again accosted the boy with—

"Boy, how much will you ask for what grapes I can eat this time?"

The boy, remembering quite as well, replied, shooting one eye slightly—

"I'll tell you what, Mr. Bayles, we've concluded that we can't afford to wholesale our grapes this year!"

A hearty laugh followed, and the crowd took a few clusters of grapes at Bayles's expense.

## Smoking, as Usual.

An exchange tells this story:—

"While General Grant was making his trip to Montreal, it was currently reported at Manchester, N. H., that he would pass through that city, over the Concord Railroad. So the waggish ticket-master at that station informed a few friends, one morning, that General Grant was expected on the afternoon train. Accordingly at that time a large crowd assembled, and when the train came they were gratified with the sight of a large, new engine, bearing the name of our fortunate soldier. Among the victims of this misplaced curiosity was a jocose lawyer, familiarly known as 'Sam,' who had seen the general before, though we presume the general had never 'seen Sam.' This apostle of Blackstone saw the engine and the bell at the same time, and comprehending his situation at a glance, bolted incontinently for the street and his office. As he reached the former, he was asked by a knowing one, if he had seen the general.

"'Oh, yes,' said Sam, indifferently.

"'How did he appear?'

"'Smoking, as usual,' was the clever response.

## Sick of a Fever.

A Wisconsin man, stopping at the Astor House, New York, tells the following:

On Sunday, being desirous of hearing several of the more famous pulpit orators of the metropolis, he went in the morning to Dr. Chapin's church, but heard a stranger preach from the text, "But Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." In the afternoon he went to Beecher's church, and heard the same discourse from the same preacher. Going in the evening to Dr. Osgood's church, he found the same exhorter, and the same theme—"Simon's wife's mother lay sick of a fever." The next day the patient hearer of the three-told discourse was crossing to Brooklyn in a ferry-boat, when the alarm-bell in the Park agitated the air with its great shocks of sound, and a man behind him inquired why that bell was tolling. Looking up, he saw the now familiar face of the preacher, and was prompt to reply: "I think Simon's wife's mother must be dead; I heard three times yesterday that she was sick of a fever."

A CHALLENGE.—A little fop, conceiving himself insulted by a gentleman, who ventured to give him some wholesome advice, strutted up to him with an air of importance, and said: "Sir, you are no gentleman! Here is my card—consider yourself challenged. Should I be from home when you honor me with a call, I shall have word with a friend to settle all the preliminaries to your satisfaction." To which the other replied, "Sir, you are a fool! Here is my card—consider your nose pulled. And should I not be at home when you call on me, you will find I have left orders with my servant to shew or kick you into the street for your impudence."

A DIFFICULT CASE.—A fellow, half sozz over, and tacking on both sides of the way, yesterday implored the direction to a certain street. "Keep straight ahead," was the reply. "Straight?" exclaimed the fellow, just ready to go upon the other tack. "I can't ready."

A FISHING TRIP.—Johnson says he was one of a fishing-party, near Newport, and every time a trout was hooked, a boy who was in the boat, and who was not a mountaineer, Whether the trout was a trout, or not, Johnson can't say.



WIGGLES thinks he'll change his club. He joined the "Reynolds" because he liked the society of artists; but, confound it! It's rather hard a fellow can't take a wink of sleep after dinner, without being put into a score of sketch-books.

## The Art of Quarrelling.

Sensible husband: "How is it that we never quarrel, Mrs. Xantippe?" Well, I will tell you. One person can't make a quarrel. Now, if I am in a quarrelsome humor, and break out, my wife remains cool and collected, and doesn't say a word. If my wife is peevish, and displays more temper than is becoming to one of her beautiful sex, I, her husband, remain as unmoved as the monument, or else cheat myself into the belief that I am listening for the moment to some heavenly song. We only quarrel one at a time; and it is astonishing, if you leave a quarrel alone, how very soon it dies out! That's our secret, madam; and I should advise you, and all Xantippes to follow it."

How to CURE THYMING.—"They have a singular way of punishing robbery in China," said a missionary, who had just returned from the Celestial Empire, to a number of friends who had called in to hear his account of things in that land of marvels. "Does it cure the offender of his unfortunate propensities?" eagerly inquired a "philanthropist," whose interest in human beings was in exact ratio with their villainousness. "Well," replied the missionary, "I never saw the punishment inflicted but once. I will tell you how it was done, and then you can judge for yourself as to its reclaiming and converting powers. They put the culprit in a large mortise, and then fired him head foremost against a stone wall."

OVERFLOWING SELF-LOVE.—"How the deuce, my dear fellow, can I make a girl love me, who is constantly devoured by love of herself?" asked a young man of his friend. "Oh," replied the latter, "that is the easiest thing in the world; just minister to her self-love so far as to let the pudding and pastry effectively put to flight her everlasting nervous headache. Madeline and several others pronounced it a delicious preparation even for well people, and Master Johnny says he is going to catch the "Eric-siples" so as to get more sorrel pie."

HAIL WASH.—If you want perhaps the best preparation in this world for the hair, make it yourself. Grind in a coffee mill a pint of ripe, dry sunflower seeds; gather a double handful of green grape vine leaves, boil the seeds flower and vine leaves an hour very moderately in a quart of clean rain water, strain the liquid, add salt until it will float an egg, and when cold bottle, keep corked, and wash the hair with it two or three times a week.

MADELINE.

SELECTED.

STEWED LEG OF VEAL.—Select a good fat leg with a small portion of the fillet left on, crack it in two or three places, and wash it and lay it in a stew-pan. Slice two lemons very thinly and lay on it, a small blade of mace broken up finely, sprinkle a little salt, and a shake of pepper; on this pour just enough cold water to cover the leg, set in an oven, and cover the pan tightly. Let it cook slowly for four hours, and skim it occasionally, so as to be entirely free from scum or fat; if it becomes dry, add a very little cold water. When done, pour off any gravy in the pan, and rub a small spoonful of flour and half a spoonful of butter well together, and stir it into the gravy. Let it simmer, and just before dishing, add a wine-glass of good cooking wine. Pour some of the gravy over the leg, and serve the rest in a sauce-boat. This is nice sliced for tea, if any is left cold.

TOAST.—TAKE eight pounds of the plate of beef, put it on to boil in a gallon of water, with a dozen of tomatoes, the same of okras, six potatoes cut small, two carrots cut lengthwise, two onions; season it to your taste with pepper and salt; let it stew slowly four hours; skin all the fat off the gravy, and garnish the meat with the potatoes and carrots.

CORN FRITTERS.—Grate six ears of corn; add one tablespoonful of flour, and two eggs; pepper and salt to your taste; to be fried like oyster.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Take a pair of fowls, and either boil or roast them; when they are entirely cold remove all the skin and fat, and disjoint them; cut the meat from the bones into very small pieces, not exceeding an inch; wash and split two large heads of celery, and cut the white part into pieces about an inch long, and having mixed the chicken and celery together, put them into a deep china dish; cover it and set it away. Just before the salad is to be eaten, the dressing should be put on, which is made thus: Take the yolks of eight hard-boiled eggs, put them into a flat dish, and mash them to a paste with the back of a spoon; add to the egg a small teaspoonful of fine salt, the same quantity of cayenne pepper, half a gill of made mustard, a wine-glass and a half of French vinegar, and rather more than two wine-glasses of sweet oil; then add the yolk of one raw egg well beaten, or a tablespoonful of cream; mix all these ingredients thoroughly, stirring them a long time, till they are quite smooth. After you pour it on the chicken and celery, mix the whole well together with a silver fork.

ROASTED OR MONKEY AND FRANCINE.—The French have a fancy of making a dish reckoned out of more trifles, their receipt for serving up this little dish is no mean evidence of their popular skill. Take half a dozen fine mutton

kidneys, clear them of fat and skin, and cut them into thin slices; powder them immediately with sweet herbs in fine powder, parsley which has been chopped, dried, and powdered, onions, and salt; put into a stew-pan two ounces of clarified butter, or fresh lard, if the former is not in reach, put in the slices of kidney, fry them, they will brown very quickly, they must be done on both sides, dredge flour over them, mix with lemon juice, and in five minutes the kidneys will be done; lift them out into a very hot dish, around which are laid slices of bread fried; pour into the gravy two glasses of white wine, give it boil, pour it over the kidneys, and serve hot.

## AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## AGRICULTURAL INSURANCE.

That title don't seem to hit quite all the points we should like to cover. Suppose we add to it *Editorial Allegiance* as a secondary title, considering the publishing and editorial fraternity as the subjects, and the public at large as the subscribers. Taking the two heads conjointly, as a guide, perhaps we shall be able to cover telegraph clearly the whole premises under consideration. Let us see.

Within these three or four years past, there has sprung up a presumption among a large class of inventors, that as a rule, publishers and editors, everywhere, are, or ought to be, public servants of private interests. Nowhere is this idea more prevalent than among agriculturists, and inventors, and manufacturers of agricultural and domestic implements. So progressive has been the idea, and to-day so prevalent, that as a rule, throughout the United States, manufacturers of agricultural implements of every description are the most niggardly advertisers in the country.

We rarely look over a number of any one of our standard, reliable agricultural papers, that we do not find in their correspondence inquiries as to who makes, and where this or that implement, of which the inquirer is in need, can be had. These inquiries don't speak well either for the liberality or sagacity of the manufacturer. Advertising their wares in these same journals would silence all such inquiries, and bring sales that would pay a handsome profit on the investment.

But the fact is, by far too many of these inventors and manufacturers, agriculturists, and horticulturists, have somehow taken a fancy to have their advertising done gratuitously. And frequently enough they succeed. Let us see.

A manufacturer or producer takes his wares, goods, and productions to a state or county fair to be seen, and sold of course. He is certain there will be several publishers and editors of public journals there, and expects every one of them to go into half-column notices over some fruit, implement, or animal of his, simply because it is very nice, pretty, or will perhaps prove a decided service to the community. In very many instances liberal, conscientious publishers and editors do it through a sense of duty to the public, and the exhibitor gets his advertising gratuitously.

A more objectionable feature of the same principle is the practice of laying an editor or publisher under an obligation that he can unshovel in no other way but in type. A piece of policy very like that of the Irishman who throws his "tip's" worth of cut-bait to catch a shoal of mackerel.

A fruit-grower for instance, has a hundred barrels of really superior apples, he is desirous of selling at best rates. He presents a peck, perhaps, of the finest fruit to a good-natured publisher or editor of a respectable paper. What is the man to do? He cannot say—"No, sir, I don't want them," or "what is the price? I will pay for them," or "take them away—I won't have them!" It is a free gift—a present. He cannot repudiate. He is subsidized—laid under an obligation, and he can't help himself. He bites into one of the apples for spits. It is delicious. He softens. Another bite; he is thawed. He lays hold of his pen; the result is a thirty line, special notice—that he would have charged at least twenty-five cents a line for \$7.50. Sells that hundred barrels of apples for his friend, and pays him at the same time \$7.50 for a peck of fruit that in market would bring seventy-five cents.

We have been watching with some interest and considerable amusement, the development of these assurance advertising policies. In June last, the inventor of an agricultural implement—and a very good thing it is too—the retail price of which is four dollars—presented one of them to the publisher and editor of a respectable newspaper having a very fair circulation, and since the date of the presentation we have counted six editorial notices of that very implement, averaging eighteen lines each, which, at the advertising rates of the paper, would amount to even \$26. That is what we call "agricultural assurance," and editorial *sys-tem*.

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FRANKLIN, Venango Co., Pa.

MR. M. W.

## Mathematical Problem.

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Suppose a grindstone, 2 inches thick at the outer edge, 10 inches thick at the centre, and 60 inches in diameter, (perpendicularly from the centre to the outer edge.) It is desired to cut a hole 8 inches square through the centre of this stone to put in a crank shaft. Required the number of cubic inches that will be cut out.

ARTHEMUS MARTIN.

FRANKLIN, Venango Co., Pa.

MR. M. W.

## Mathematical Problem.

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A triangular plate of iron whose sides are 20, 26 and 30 inches, is to be supported on the point of an upright spindle. At what distance from the angular points of the plate must the spindle be applied, so that the plate may rest in a horizontal position?

GILL BATES.

MR. M. W.

## Mathematical Problem.

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When I see a thing that I want editorially recommended there, I have a warrant that it is no humbug—I shall buy it. And I shall buy the paper too, just so long as it and I live.

THE TRUTH IS, that if any invention, or production is really worthy of public favor, it will always pay to advertise it legitimately, and extensively. The wider, the better. Why should the inventor, the manufacturer, or producer expect the publisher, or editor of a public journal to advertise for them gratuitously, say more than the publisher should look for the butcher and baker to feed, or the tailor to clothe him for nothing?

What justice is there in such a claim? Are publishers' materials—paper, type, presses, ink, and the fifty-and-one minor accessories of a newspaper establishment, to be had for the best and ever worked?

Do inventors expend their labor, and editors their brains, for mere amusement, think you?

No inventors. If you believe a publisher can serve you, help him with his legitimate, and pay him for services rendered fairly, as he does for his necessities. Don't try to bribe and subdue him. It is downright insult and impudence.

To Chal's, Aug. 26—7258.2464 sq. ft.

To Delta's, Sept. 12—Amelia received \$1,154; Clarissa, \$1,396; Esther, \$1,495; Georgia, \$1,600; Holland, \$1,338; Diana, \$1,484; Florence, \$1,585. —S. S. KANE.

To Our Correspondents.

We have now over one hundred unanswered

Problems, which as new a week, will surely be

and for a year. Enigmas, Charades, Riddles, and

Conundrums we are not burdened with. Con-

nect you from time to time to these, instead of

the international discussions of the *Post*.

## THE RIDDLE.

KNIGHT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 74 letters